

OUR SENATORIAL GORDON CUMMING.
BRITISH LION.—It's fortunate for me that the ocean is between us!

J. Ottmann, Lith. PUCK BUILDING, N. Y.



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

It is not difficult to understand the mental attitude of men like the Reverend Heber Newton and Dr. McGlynn when they confront the so-called labor question. They are both men of more enthusiasm than depth of thought, and when they look about them and see suffering, poverty, ignorance, disease and want, their souls are filled with a generous rage which temporarily deprives them of the use of their reasoning faculties. In all such people there is a strong element of femininity—not a bad thing in its way; it is the foundation, indeed, of many beautiful characters, although it is hardly a safe guide for men who have to regulate the affairs of their fellow-men. We may not manage this world on pure undiluted sentiment. Government is a business that calls for reason and judicial study and firmness. When we see that there is something wrong in the social order, we are not likely to do much good by yielding to a vehement feminine impulse to overset all society by way of seeing how such a performance would set matters to rights.

Unfortunately, Messrs. Newton and McGlynn have not learned this plain truth. Seeing that poor folks suffer, they are very anxious to try Mr. Henry George's proposed experiment of impoverishing the rich by confiscating their property. They suggest to us, these two excited clericals, the angry woman who reads of the failure of a savings bank and cries indignantly: "The wretches! Something ought to be done to them! If I had my way, I'd tie up every one of those wretched directors and brand them with a red hot iron, I would!" Of course, she would n't. She would not stand by and see the red hot iron hiss its way into the flesh; in fact, she will feel very tender and sympathetic when she hears of the white-haired director undergoing the humiliations incident to an entrance into Auburn or Sing Sing. But her outcry represents a natural impulse of indignation. Men smile at it—not at its source or cause—and administer justice according to a less variable and uncertain code.

We do not believe that Dr. McGlynn means what he says when he talks about seizing all landed property "without a penny of compensation to the so-called owners." He would be the first to burn with righteous wrath when he saw the widow and the fatherless turned helpless upon the streets, out of the little home to buy which the dead father and husband labored for weary years. The sight would make Dr. McGlynn feel very badly—it would make him wish to turn society over again for the benefit of these sufferers. It might even make him wish to have Henry George confiscated without a

penny of compensation. No, Dr. McGlynn's utterance is nothing more than the extravagant outburst of a man who is carried away by his feelings, and who wants, for the moment, to rend the universe, because a workingman has a hole in his overalls. The figure of speech exhibited in this last phrase of ours is called hyperbole. Dr. McGlynn's proposal to treat every house-owner like a criminal is to be taken as hyperbole, we sincerely trust.

Still, the Doctor evidently thinks that property in land is robbery—or, at least, wholly wrong and undesirable. He sees that there is a great deal of suffering caused by poverty, and he jumps to the conclusion that State confiscation of land would set everything right. Even so there are people who will insist on rolling a half-drowned man on a barrel, not because that is the proper way to restore him to life; but because "something must be done."

We have not a doubt that both our clerical friends mean well in what they are doing. The thought will suggest itself that they may taste a certain pleasure in the free advertising they are getting; still we have as yet no reason to doubt their sincerity in the main matter. But would it not be well for both these gentlemen to reflect that they are neither accomplished publicists nor practical men of business; and that such revolutionary theories as they talk about should be carefully studied and digested by clear-headed, experienced, conservative men before any attempt is made to put them to the practical test? Would it not be well for them to remember that the organization of our social system and the constitution of our government are not such slight and baseless things that they may be overturned and violated merely to try a doubtful experiment? Would it not be well, on the whole, if they both of them thought a little more, and said a little less?

An Explorer was once on his Way through Africa, when he came to a region where a terrible Lion, of gigantic Strength and remarkable ferocity, had made it impossible for years to journey through a certain Forest. His native Attendants, knowing of the existence of this fearful Beast, remonstrated with the Traveler against his proposition to Traverse the forest, and finally refused to proceed. Upon this,

the Explorer took a piece of Paper, and drew upon it a Neat picture of himself killing the Lion. This satisfied the Natives; but it did not Convince the Lion.

MORAL.

It is very Cheap for Senator Ingalls to Talk about twisting the Lion's tail; but the *Dolphin* carries Several times as few Guns as the British Navy.

Mr. Randolph B. Martine, after having been bribed by Inspector Byrnes, Jaehne, McQuade, O'Neill, Jake Sharp and a few other people; after having yielded to political pressure brought to bear on him from high quarters; after having deliberately betrayed the confidence reposed in him by the people; after having, in short, been and done everything that is base and incompetent and insincere, has, with his fellow-malefactors, Messrs. Fellows, Nicoll and Purdy, tried three of the "boodle" Aldermen, sent three out of that possible three to Sing Sing, shipped a fourth man to the lunatic asylum, and still seems to be feeling well and to be able to attend to his duties. Perhaps it would be a good scheme—we address ourselves to our well-informed E. C.'s—to let Mr. Martine manage his own business for a while. He may be a sad case generally, but we notice that he seems to turn out an uncommonly neat and thorough job.

OUR OLD friend, Constant Reader, has just written to know if we will oblige him by publishing that lyrical chestnut, "Come Back to Erin." We have only to say to Constant Reader that we should be only too happy to print this effusion, if we knew it would have the desired effect of causing the Turks to give up their political ambitions, and return to their native land. They claim it is the loveliest, the most fruitful, and the dearest spot on earth. Then, why don't they go and enjoy it, Constant Reader?

You probably know that the Old Dominion Steamship Company is offering a reward of five thousand dollars for the dynamiter that dynamited the *Guyandotte*, and we suppose they will have to shell out that amount ere long. But they would be dead-safe if they had offered that sum for the capture of the man who is not already in possession of a PUCK'S ANNUAL FOR 1887. This sixty-four-page (PUCK size) beautifully illustrated book is now out, and is being swallowed faster than it can be served.

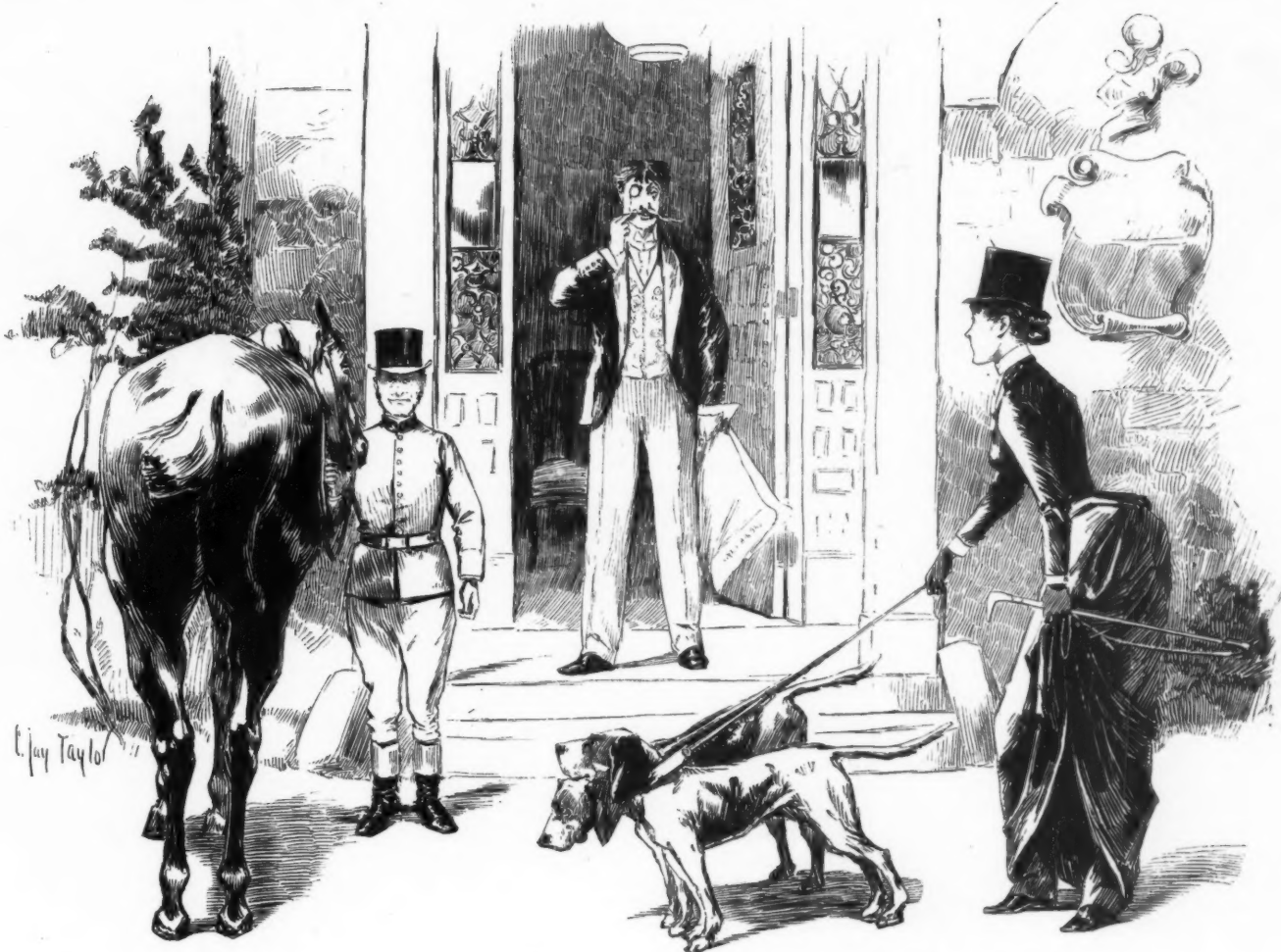
Of all newsdealers. Price, twenty-five cents. By mail to any address for thirty cents.

BY POPULAR REQUEST.



"You seem to have dropped your pen, Mr. President. This is the one that the people are anxious to see you using."

THE TUXEDO HOME.



MRS. J. RODOLPH SMITHLEY.—My dear, will you not join us in the bag to-day? You have n't been out with us this week.
MR. J. RODOLPH SMITHLEY.—No—aw—thanks, me deah; really—aw—cawnt. Must stay 't home to do the—aw—sewing, you know.

TOBOGGANING.—A PHYSIOLOGICAL AND PSYCHICAL DRAMA.

Data Necessaria.

DRAMATIS { An entity technically called MAN,
PERSONÆ. { An entity familiarly called YOU.
DRAMATIS RES.—An entity termed TOBOGGAN.
SLIDUS LONGUS (*cum angulo 60°*).

Data Unnecessaria (sed semper cum nobis).
TURBA FREQUENTIA.—The Madding crowd.
TURBA OTIOSA.—The Idle crowd.

Slaves, Attendants, Police, Firemen, and Ambulances.
[MILITIA within telephone call.]

ACT I.

SCENE.—*Moonlight upon the Slidus Longus. (You and the TOBOGGAN.)*

Are you enthusiastic?
Is this your first attempt?
Are your nerves corded?
Do you smile with expectation?
Do you realize that the objects which plunge past are fellow-mortals?
Have you the assurance of blissful ignorance in your breast?
—Then you are standing at the foot of the slide, and admiring life and its pleasures.

ACT II.

SCENE.—*Along the Slidus Longus!!!! (The TOBOGGAN and YOU.)*

Are you stricken with nameless terror?
Are you plunging into eternity?
Or where do you think you are going?
What is your idea of speed?
Do you think you are on a cannon-ball, or only on a comet?
Which group of stars best pleases you? What part of the universe do you desire to reach?

Can you get hold of the evening breeze?
Or does it fly through your teeth?
Just now you enjoy the scenery—in large and rapid quantities.
Which lung works normally?
Which eye is the wind laying for the most?
Which do you see most—ice, land or water?
Are you skinning your hands along the sides?
Do you feel fly?
Are you preparing to sing the "Canadian Death Song?"

—Then you are slashing down the chute, with your mind upon eternity—and your past life before you.

ACT III.

SCENE.—*Along the Slidus Planus. (YOU and the TOBOGGAN together.)*

[N. B. Low Orchestration. The Swan-Song of Ecstasy, or the Lone Grin of Delight.]

Are you surprised to find yourself alive? And on ice?
Are you filled with wonder at gathering up your frame in a dimly connected, normal but wrenched condition?
Are you beginning to entertain sarcastic conceptions of the psychical entities, *fear* and *terror*?
Do you hug yourself metaphorically, and smile sardonically around?
Do you begin to believe in the immortality of the soul in general, and *your* soul in particular?
—Then you are gathering your remains from the toboggan, and are journeying hilariously back to the slide.

ACT IV.

[THE PSYCHICAL REACTION—technically known as the "Law of the Unsatiableness."]

Are you filled with a wild ecstasy?
Are you mad with a desire for Velox?
Do your lungs grow—so to speak—in your chest?
Does your blood seethe in wild pulsations?
Do you begin to grasp the ideal of the Unsatiableness?
Do you begin to wish the angle of descent had been ninety, and not sixty degrees?
—Then you are tobogganing!!!

ACT V.

[THE PHYSICAL REACTION—technically known as the "Utter Collapse."]

SCENE.—*The Next Morning.*

Can you walk?
Can you stand up?
Where do you feel the *least* pain?
Which lung is more solidified?
What angles does your spine describe?
Are your limbs all with you? Have you counted them?
Which part of the bronchial tubes do you use for breathing purposes?
How often do you smile?
What is your idea of a wreck?
Which eye grasps the more visual rays?
How many of your teeth froze?
How are you going to start your "Ode on Tobogganing?"
—When you are thus ruminating, you have enjoyed both your toboggan and the slide to the utmost, and are probably gently dreaming (for the first time) of the variety of sensations of which the human frame is capable.
H. P. L.

ENGLISH WORTHIES.

EDITED BY ANDREW SLANG.

II.—Sir Walter Raleigh:
By Edmund Gosh.

The subject of this sketch, the brilliant Elizabethan courtier, soldier, sea-king, and historian—the discoverer of Virginia, tobacco, and potatoes—was born in 1552, in Devonshire, and not in Raleigh, N. C., as is popularly supposed. This gorgeous historical figure possessed the versatility of a Lew Wallace, the enterprising pluck of a Stanley, the dashing gallantry of a Burnaby, the prolixity of a Bancroft, and the rakishness of a Dilke. Not wishing to compete with the author of "Don Juan," or to rival the *Pall Mall Gazette*, I pass over the surreptitious side of his character, and will notice his romantic introduction to Queen Elizabeth.

One day, while out slumming, alone and incog., the Queen encountered a snail on the sidewalk, and was also much intimidated by an alderman's cow, that seemed to have the freedom of the city. At this juncture, a handsome stranger appeared, and, pausing only to introduce himself as Raleigh, thrust his rapier through the cow, and carpeted the pavement with his new reversible spring overcoat—intimating, in euphuistic terms, that if such an enchantress would touch the poor rag with her fairy feet, that passing made the bricks blush with pleasure till they matched the glorious aureole of her hair, the sacred relic should be distributed in crazy-quilts to his remotest posterity.

After this graceful act, he basked in the royal favor as serenely as the late John Brown. A man of indomitable energy and infinite adaptability, we find Raleigh in all situations—now making love to a maid of honor after Elizabeth was soundly snoring—now scuttling a galleon of the Armada—now whirling the farthingale of an Elizabethan belle through the mazes of the dance, and whispering pretty conceits about the neatness of her ankle—now harrying the Spanish Main—now posing exquisitely and displaying his shapely calves at Court Masque—now smoking the calumet of peace with a grim visaged sachem—and now presiding with great *éclat* over an authors' club dinner at "The Mermaid," and vainly calling for order, as Ben Jonson, after a maudlin attempt to recite: "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes," is taken home and put to bed by Beaumont and Fletcher.

Our hero planted a colony on the shores of North Carolina, but the colonists, not fancying turpentine as a beverage, and not receiving an ovation from the aboriginal tar-heels, disbanded with some precipitation. The capital of the State was named Raleigh, on the cenotaph principle, or to signify that he got there all the same. Knowing a good thing when he saw it, Raleigh first imported tobacco into England, and founded the first potato ranch in Ireland; and thus a knowledge of his personality is prerequisite to a study of the evolution of the cigarette and the Saratoga chip. His most brilliant sallies of wit alternated with post-prandial whiffs of a

peerless Henry Clay; and whether on the high seas, or in his chambers inditing madrigals to some fine lady whose lord was out of town, he was ever wreathed in filmy clouds of smoke. He smiled at the doctor's auscultation, and rolled another cigarette; but his health was seriously impaired by swallowing tobacco-quids when a court dame surprised him enjoying a clandestine chew in a corridor.

Raleigh's fortunes declined with the accession of James I, who discountenanced the use of narcotics, wrote a "Counterblast to Tobacco," and, from internal evidences, is believed to have written that crushing poetical satire, "Little Robert Reed." James, who affected humor, said that Raleigh's mouth reminded him of a "chimney reeking with Stygian fumes." To this, Raleigh retorted that James's mouth resembled a slit in a squash.

One day the king happened to get a powerful whiff of one of Raleigh's cigars, and thus became the author of the familiar legend, "No Smoking Allowed." He immediately sent Raleigh, on a charge of high treason, to the tower, where he remained for thirteen years in the deepest literary seclusion, and wrote his "History of the World," under the inspiration of an occasional two-for-five which the gaoler smuggled in. For exercise, he was made to white-wash the White Tower, and furbish up the Plantagenet armor with stove-polish.

As a historian, Raleigh is stronger in plot and incident than Gibbon or Macaulay, and, had it been possible, he would have embellished his pages with accounts of "Newport's Sea Serpent," or, "The Ninety Days' Trance of Nebraska's Sleeping Beauty."

Raleigh was beheaded October 29th, 1618. Breakfasting lightly on a potato croquette, and bequeathing his meerschaum to a favorite attendant, he repaired to the scaffold, and, feeling the edge of the axe, he remarked to a reporter: "This is sharp medicine, but it will cure all diseases."

With his usual felicity, the man of news

A POSSIBILITY OF THE FUTURE.



SAINT PETER.—Here's the key, sir.
THE FRIEND OF THE PEERAGE.—That's all right; but why did n't you have a steam yacht, and a staff of reporters to welcome me?

HER FIRST "L" TRIP.



"Pit it in thot hand-organ? Indade Oi'll not! Youse Oyetalians gits enough on th' face av th' ground widout kimmin' oop here beggin' av dancin' people."

replied that such a panacea should be advertised without a "Before and After Using" picture. Throwing away an unfinished cigarette, Raleigh then told the headsman to do his worst—which he effectually did. Raleigh's last words are too epigrammatic; something in the nervous, jerky style of the late-lamented Guiteau is preferable.

The only authentic portrait of Sir Walter, in which I detect a family likeness to Fra Diavolo in the guise of a Plumed Knight, is to be found in "Goodrich's Pictorial History." Had Raleigh lived in this century, he could have colonized the Soudan, made a bicycle tour of the world, and composed verses to Mary Anderson with equal facility, and the North Pole would have been covered with advertisements long ago.

EUREKA BENDALL.

THE CAUSE.

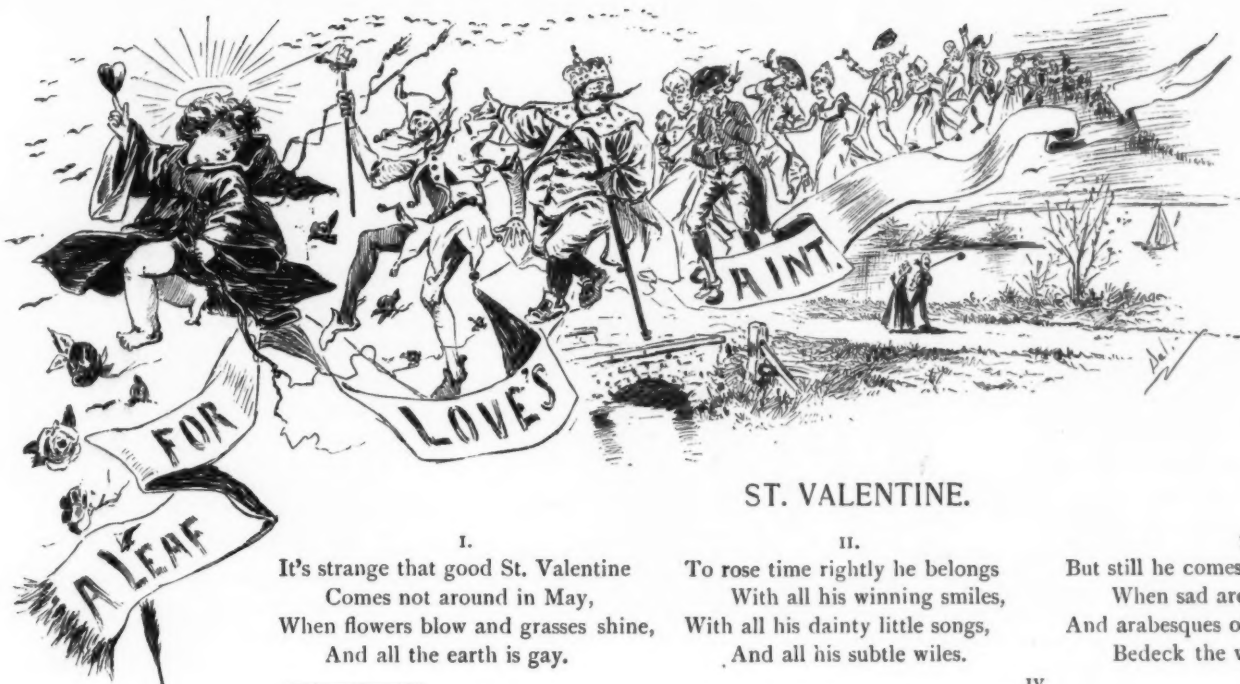
MR. BROWN (after second act of "Die Meistersinger").—It's no use, Miss De Beriot, I can not stand any more of this Wagner!

MISS DE BERIOT.—You can't stand it! Why, Mr. Brown, I always thought you were so musical.

MR. BROWN.—That's just it!

A SOUTHERN LADY claims to have discovered perpetual motion. If she is as successful as Keely has been in discovering perpetual rest, she ought to make big money out of the stockholders.

FROM THE space given it in the papers, one would suppose base-ball to be a winter game. Let the papers give the same attention to tobogganing in August, and see what will happen.



ST. VALENTINE.

I.
It's strange that good St. Valentine
Comes not around in May,
When flowers blow and grasses shine,
And all the earth is gay.

II.
To rose time rightly he belongs
With all his winning smiles,
With all his dainty little songs,
And all his subtle wiles.

III.
But still he comes in winter-time,
When sad are hill and plain,
And arabesques of sparkling rime
Bedeck the window-pane.

IV.
He comes as softly as a dove
Upon his merry way,
To show unto us all how "Love
Can warm a winter's day."

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

THE DAY AFTER.

I.
CALLED upon the maid to day,
Whose name I wish to change for mine,
Prepared with tender speech to say
Words that would give her, *sans delai*,
A living Valentine.

II.
I took this method to repair
Neglect. "*Les convenances*" define
The duty of a man who'd share
His life with her, to send his fair
A tender Valentine.

III.
I quite forgot it. How time flies!
The day slipped by without a sign;
But when we met (to my surprise),
"Thank you," she said, with lips and eyes:
"For your sweet Valentine."

IV.
At once my mind conceived a plan—
How could I such a chance resign?
We're soon to wed, and for "best man"
I'll find the fellow, if I can,
Who sent *that* Valentine.

S. D. S., JR.

A MISUNDERSTANDING.

I.
O, FOOLISH heart, to flutter so!
O, foolish cheek, so warm to glow
Beneath that gaze—and yet I know
His eyes were wond'rous tender.
"I come to ask," he said, and I,
I looked half-saucy and half-shy,
"Twere time enough to, by-and-by,
Yield him my sweet surrender.

II.
Should it be Yes? Should it be No?
(O, foolish heart, to flutter so!)
"Will you," he murmured very low—
My thoughts flew fast and frantic,
For surely Love was in that tone;
I was mistaken, now, I own;
"Will you be kind enough to loan
My aunt the last *Atlantic*?"
RUTH HALL.

YE HEARTISTIC TWAIN.

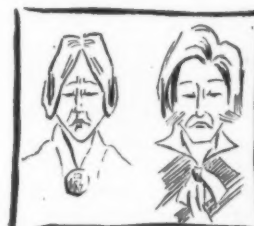
I.
BEHOLD ye here,
Depicted clear,
A pair
Where
Despair
Hath often shown his visage drear.

II.
St. Valentine
To souls that pine,
In consequence,
Sends hence
His influence
To cheer these pilgrims to his shrine.

III.
Upon each face
Behold its trace,
Mark well,
This spell
Which fell,
Hath power grim care away to chase.

IV.
And though apart
Expands each heart,
They tend
To bend
And blend
Until both pierced by Cupid's dart.

V.
And though how done,
Explained by none,
'Tis love
Doth move
To prove—
"Behold, two hearts that beat as one!"



AN INVITATION TO SLIDE.

O H, come, like a dear little tailor-made girl,
Up-hill let us leisurely jog,
And down like the flight of a bird we shall whirl,
Oh, come with me, dear, and tobog.

Then take off the skates, like the rose-bud you are,
And rise from that rime-shining log,
And nothing the edge of our rapture shall mar,
As down the incline we tobog.

As happy we 'll be as a pair of love-birds;
Oh, naught shall our visions befog,
And I 'll fill your pink ear with the tenderest words,
As down the white hill we tobog.

I 'll hold your dear hands when they 're purple and cold,
We 'll dance our feet warm with a clog,
And ours will be pleasure unheard of, untold,
If with me you 'll only tobog.

We 'll fly down the hill with the speed of the moose
On the banks of the Memphrema-gog,
Or the air-clearing, wind-beating, south-going goose
Then, come, dearest girl, and tobog.



You 'll feel just as warm as your own tabby cat
Asleep 'neath your father's mahog.,
And I 'll vow your dear heart will just go pit-a-pat,
If you 'll come with me now and tobog.

And I 'll be as pleased as a king in his crown,
With his soul wrapped around an egg-nogg,
As we fly past the forest trees leafless and brown,
Come, darling, now won't you tobog?

It is cold sitting there on a log for a chair,
Come, jump right along like the frog,
Till we get to the top of the hill over there,
Where awaits us the shining tobog.

As down-hill we start, I will wiggle my heart
Like the wig of the lithe pollywog;
I 've a load on my mind that I 'd like to impart
To you on the flying tobog.

I would tell you I 've got a nice little Queen Anne
In the picturesque region of Quoogue;
But no queen to run it—
—She jumped and she ran
Like a deer for that merry tobog.
R. K. M.

NO SENSE OF SHAME.

WIFE (4 A. M.).—I should think you would be ashamed to hear the cocks crow on your way home.

HUSBAND.—'Fi went t' bed (hic) five 'clock, I'd crow too. That's kind o' rooster I am.

SO FAR the peach crop this year is a success. They are two dollars apiece.

THE ONE-LEGGED soldier and the hand-organ that plays war-songs, have retired from street business—they are writing for the *Century*.

THE ORDER of the Bath is good as far as it goes. Many members of the British Peerage need it badly, but it does n't quite fill the bill. We therefore suggest to the Queen, whose career we have watched and are watching with friendly interest, that she create a new order, and call it "The Order of Chloride of Lime."

THE MARQUIS and Marchioness of Lorne were at Monte Carlo recently, but as the noble son-in-law did not receive his remittance of "one pun ten" on time, he did not gamble.

"LOOK UP" is a good motto; and it enables you to dodge the snow slide.

WE UNDERSTAND that a book of war memories is shortly to appear from the pen of General Debility.

IT CAN not be denied that the Queen of England is fat; but we are too much of a gentleman to say so.

WM. E. CHANDLER, late Secretary of the Navy, is thinking of starting a paper in Manchester, N. H. He has fought against it for some time, but has finally given in to the fact that he must have some excitement.

STRUCK IT ONLY RECENTLY.

HE (to Pittsburgh heiress).—Do you know Miss Wandergrift, whose father is reported to be so very rich?

SHE (glass and pig-iron).—Oh, no, indeed! The Wandergrifts do not belong to our set at all! They are so new, you know! Their money comes from natural gas.

FUSS AND FEATHERS — Complaints of the High Hats.

JAMES G. BLAINE will never be out of politics until he dies or politics takes an emetic. Mark this prediction!

EX-PRESIDENT MCMAHON, of France, has returned to Paris, and has had two army officers assigned to him as an honorary staff. The old general is to apply for another, on the ground that cut-throat poker is so very uninteresting.

HIS FAVORITE AMUSEMENT.



FOND MOTHER (at door of play-room, to VISITOR).—That's Uncle George, my husband's brother; the children always make him play "cars" with them when he comes here. He enjoys it as much as they do. Is n't it a pretty sight?

A LATE BREAKFAST.



DUMLEY (*fourth floor back hall-room, in arrears for board*).—Well, Sarah, good morning. I'm a trifle late, eh?

SARAH (*waitress*).—Everybody's gone but you.

DUMLEY.—Ah, yes, the table has that appearance. "Everybody" seems to have "gone" through it.

SARAH.—Eh, sir?

DUMLEY.—I mean that there is a desolate look about the castor and the bottle of Worcestershire sauce, which suggests a clean sweep.

SARAH.—Yes, sir.

DUMLEY.—You never lived in the West, Sarah?

SARAH.—No, sir.

DUMLEY.—Ah, then you have never seen a grain-field after a swarm of locusts has finished with it?

SARAH.—No, sir.

DUMLEY.—Well, Sarah, I never have, either; but I have read of it, and I fancy this table resembles it more closely than anything I have ever encountered.

SARAH.—Yes, sir.

DUMLEY.—Even the tumbler of toothpicks does not relieve the vista of soiled table-cloth, and that row of pressed-glass goblets, holding various levels of water, is not specially promising to a hungry man. Is it, now, Sarah?

SARAH.—No, sir.

DUMLEY.—Ah, I am glad to find you so appreciative, Sarah. But, to give the conversation a little more practical turn, what is there for breakfast?

SARAH.—Why, sir—

DUMLEY.—Sarah, experience teaches me that I have put that question in the wrong tense. Let us alter it. What *was* there for breakfast?

SARAH.—Liver and bacon, kidney-stew.

DUMLEY.—One moment, please, Sarah. Let me smack my lips over those names while I dally with the hope that a remnant of their material presence still adorns the range. Liver and bacon, you say?

SARAH.—Yes, sir; but Mrs. Johnson had the last of 'em, sir.

DUMLEY (*airily*).—Oh, then we will dismiss liver and bacon, Sarah. Of course, if Mrs. Johnson, in her capacity of third floor, large, back, has eaten the last they are effectually *hors du combat*, which is French, I may remark, Sarah, for got-away-with.

SARAH.—Yes, sir.

DUMLEY.—Ki lney-stew becomes, then, the next available delicacy. Let me down gently, Sarah. Is there, or only *was* there kidney-stew?

SARAH.—Why, all the French rolls and kidney-stew was sent up to Mrs. De Hobson, who had her breakfast in her room.

DUMLEY.—Happy Mrs. De Hobson! Sarah, life must look very pleasant viewed from the second-floor front.

SARAH.—Yes, sir.

DUMLEY.—French rolls, too! Why, Sarah, I did n't even dream that there *had been* French rolls!

SARAH.—There was n't many, sir.

DUMLEY.—That goes without saying, Sarah, which is a bit of Anglicized French, meaning, in our more vigorous idiom: "You bet your sweet life" there was n't.

SARAH.—Yes, sir.

DUMLEY.—And now, having disposed in a very innutritious way, Sarah, of the liver and bacon, French rolls and kidney-stew, I suppose you can get me a couple of eggs and a cup of coffee?

SARAH.—I'll see, sir.

DUMLEY.—And, oh, Sarah, the butter! I forgot to inquire about the butter. Is it in its usual robust health?

SARAH.—About the same, I guess, sir.

DUMLEY.—Ah, my anxiety was unnecessary. It was so pale last night I thought it might be going into a decline, but it is evidently still vigorous. Sarah, in our breakfast *menu* this morning, we will omit—skip, you know—the butter.



HARDLY CORRECT.



Miss De Grove's small sister Effie has been reading about the Indians, and when Mr. De Pardanelle, from Montreal, calls to escort Miss De G. to the Park, Effie improves the opportunity to give her doll an airing.

SARAH.—Yes, sir. (*leaves the room, but returns almost instantly.*)—There ain't no eggs, sir, and Mrs. Hendricks has gone out, sir.

DUMLEY (*interrupting*).—Oh, Mrs. Hendricks is out, is she? That quite alters the case. Tell the cook I must have eggs—to send at once for some. I will wait, and you may bring me the morning paper, Sarah, to occupy my time and attention meanwhile.

SARAH.—Yes, sir.

DUMLEY.—And, Sarah, impress upon the cook the necessity that the eggs should be youthful; an egg to be choice should be juvenile and inexperienced. It is not intended for the rude warfare of this world, and to die in the first flush of infantile freshness is to fulfill its noble and intended destiny.

SARAH.—Yes, sir.

SARAH.—Mrs. Hendricks is come home, sir, and wants the paper, and says, will you please step into the parlor on your way out?

DUMLEY.—There's the paper, Sarah. I am quite through with it. Please return it to Mrs. Hendricks with my thanks—and, Sarah, tell Mrs. Hendricks, also, that having dallied so long over her hospitable board, my presence at the bank is quite urgently demanded, and, as I chanced to bring my hat and coat down with me, I am obliged to get into them at once and hurry away. The basement door being convenient, I will even make use of that to accelerate my exit. Tell Mrs. Hendricks, Sarah, I will deny myself the pleasure of seeing her until another time, and you may say to her that she will have no occasion to regret the postponement.

PHILIP H. WELCH.







E. BLUE

DECEPTION!

RANDOM REMARKS.



A DESCRIPTION OF the personal characteristics of Governor Ogleby, of Illinois, involves "a large-featured hook-nose, and smooth-shaven, angular face, surmounted by a shock of carelessly-brushed iron-gray hair." No wonder that Chicago and Springfield children bear a far-away, timid look on their faces. Nurse maids *will* use all sorts of means to keep their charges quiet.

A YOUNG BOSTON editor, Mr. Charles Howard Montague, is attracting some attention as a mind-reader. As he has so far confined his operations to Bostonians, his powers have not been tested with the severity which will alone ensure him a fair verdict.

PRESIDENT GREVY receives a salary of \$240,000 a year, and is allowed \$20,000 for heating and lighting his house, \$60,000 for his entertainments, and \$25,000 for the maintenance of his game preserves. As none of the above items includes provision for ice, his financial collapse is looked for before next fall.

THE POPULAR belief that the judgement of Paris was the first decision of a Court of Appeals is erroneous. There was a prior decision of an Apple-ate Court, in which the parties were ejected from a garden tenanted by them. It is perhaps needless to remark that there was a woman in both cases.

IF BLAINE makes a tour through Ireland for the benefit of his health—in 1888, he will forget all about his down-east prohibition attitude, and fill up on poteen. And when he returns he will have a regular County Antrim brogue.

CHAS. E. PILGRIM, a new boy-preacher, has just made his appearance. Progress jokes barred.

AN EXCHANGE says that one of Jay Gould's characteristics is, that he is never in a hurry. Jay may not hurry *himself*, but he has made enough other people do so, to populate a new planet.

AN OLD man died in Brooklyn last week from exposure. Had he been an alderman the exposure would not have killed him.

Public Opinion tells us "How to Drink Water." We know how already, as we drink nothing else. *Public Opinion* ought to try its skill on temperance society officers.



At dinner his friend regales him with a full account of the doings of "our church society" for the last few months.

HE VISITED A FRIEND IN BROOKLYN.



BROOKLYN FRIEND.—Now, remember, when you come over to-morrow, after you cross the ferry you take the De Kalb Ave. cars to Jeralemon St., then take the Flatbush car to Atlantic Ave. The Rapid Transit lands you at Pacific St., and from there you take the—etc.



En route he falls asleep in the street-car, and dreams he has been riding for a hundred years.



After riding over the greater part of Brooklyn in "wrong cars," he arrives at last. HIS FRIEND.—Don't mind 'em; you see it 's so lonesome out here, we have to keep dogs around the house to scare away tramps.



At seven his friend says: "I don't want to hurry you, old fellow; but as you insist on going back to the city to-night, you'll have to start in order to catch those Ferguson-Avenue cars. They stop running at a quarter past seven!"

DEFINITIONS OF THE DAY.

NO WONDER—The Average Dime Museum Attraction.

A MATTER OF TIME—A Promissory Note.

"A WINTER'S TALE"—Coal Advanced Fifty Cents per Ton.

A HOT LINER—W—y.

HERE AND THERE AND EVERY WHERE—Pickings from Puck.—Adv.

A HORN-PIPE A Funnel.

ALL BROKEN UP—Our New Year's Resolutions.

A POWER OF MONEY—A Syndicate.

BEYOND QUESTION—The Deceased Small Boy.

JUST THE CHEESE—Camembert.

A NOVEL AFFAIR—The Franklin Square Library.

A GREAT FALLING OFF—The Snow-Slide.

AN EASY CHAIR—A Professorship.

"TANGLED LIVES"—The Killkenny Cats.

A MAN OF DESTINY—The Fortune-teller.

A BAD MIX—Coffee and Beans.

THE STOCK BOARD—Pine.

PERFECTLY CHARMING—A Snake.

A WHITE LIE—City Milk.

A LEADING QUESTION—Forward!

FULL OFT—The Toper.

HARD LINES—Walt Whitman's.

THE LAST WORD—Finis.

A JOINT AFFAIR—Rheumatism.

A BAD END—The End of a Mule.

SURE ENOUGH—Rent Day.



Arrives home at five-twenty A. M. Before going to bed he unrolls his map of New York State, and carefully cuts the city of Brooklyn out of it.



COLLARS.

They say women make a great fuss about their shopping. Well, they do. But how about this sort of thing?—and you can hear it any day in any haberdasher's shop:

MAN (*entering, and gazing vaguely about him, as if he wondered where the rhinoceros was kept*). I—I—

CLERK (*affably*).—Yes, sir—anything to-day, sir?

M.—I want a—(*long pause*)—want a collar.

C.—Yes, sir. Stand-up, sir?

M.—Eh?

C.—Stand-up or turn-down, sir?

M.—Oh, stand-up, I guess. Yes, stand-up.

C. (*running his hand over a wall of green boxes*).—What size, sir?

M.—Sh? Whojersay?

C.—What size, sir—sixteen?

M.—Sixteen? No—that ain't my size. Lemme see—fifteen-and-a-half, I guess. Fifteen-and-a-half or fifteen—or maybe it's sixteen. I never can remember.

C. (*measuring him*).—Sixteen, sir—I think you'll find that's right.

M.—Suppose I ought to write that down. That would be a good scheme, would n't it?

C.—I should think it would be a first-rate idea, sir. 'Tain't much to remember, though, when you come to think of it. Any particular style, sir?

M.—Yes—now—oh, pshaw! what is that name, now? I can't remember.

C.—The "Gladiator"? Very popular just now, sir.

M.—"Gladiator"? No—that ain't it. Something like a fish, the name was.

C.—"Dolphin," maybe?

M.—No, not "Dolphin," exactly. More like Megatherium, or something.

C.—"Mastodon," p'raps?

M.—No, I guess not. Began with A.

C.—"Asterisk," was n't it?

M. (*brightening up*).—"Asterisk"—yes, that's what it was. "Asterisk"—or—now—oh, yes, I've got it—the "Aspasia." "Aspasia," yes, I remember now.

C.—All out of "Aspasias," sir—have n't handled that style in six years, sir. 'Twas n't a linen collar, anyway—only made in paper.

M. (*with a leaden gloom on him*).—Guess I was mistaken. Whotter you got there?—Le's-see.

C. (*displaying collars*).—Here's the "Criterion"—cut kinder high in the back, but it goes.

M. (*recovering himself*).—It don't go with me. I ain't a lamp-post. Show me a collar. I don't want a Japanese screen.

C.—How's this—the "Mikado"?

M.—Ah-h-h-h—chestnut!

C.—Here's the "Swiveller"—know why it's called so?

M.—Nah.

C.—'Cause of the flip. Turns over in front—see?

M. (*sternly*).—Turn it over that side of the counter.

C.—Yes, sir. How does this suit you?

M.—Ain't it kinder low? I don't want to show my chest-protector. Have n't you got anything higher than that?

C.—Here's the "Opera." That comes pretty high; but we must have it.

M. (*grimly*).—I ain't letting out space for advertising on my collars. Gimme something to put around my neck. I don't want to fence in a base-ball ground.

C.—How'll this sucher?

M.—Too Bowery, altogether! I don't wear a red shirt and one suspender.

C.—It's called the "King of the Dudes"—one of the latest things we have in stock.

M.—Oh, well, I don't want to be always trying these new things. I like to get a collar that I can stick to, and wear right along. Something I can get every time I call for it.

C.—Yes, sir. You don't remember the name of any particular style that used to sucher, do you?

M.—Well, I've been hunting for the sort of thing I want for years—never got just the sort of collar I wanted, yet. Hi there—that's a good one! Lemme see that one.

C.—'Tis? That's the "Criterion"—same one you looked at a while back.

M.—Is it—guess that wasn't the one I meant. No—there it is. Why did n't you show me that one before? Now, that's a white man's collar—neat and quiet—just what I wanted.

C.—Nice collar, sir. How many?

M.—Eh?

C.—How many, sir? Dozen?

M.—Dozen? No—guess I don't want a dozen. Lemme see—oh, well, gimme one, just to try how it goes with the boys. Then, if I want more, I can come back and get 'em. Whojersay the name was?

C. (*rolling one collar up*).—"King of the Dudes"—fifteen cents, please. Cash!

M. (*mechanically producing a quarter*).—What's that?

C.—Kingerthedoodles. Thank you. Cash! Fifteen out.

[CURTAIN.]

THE TOWN authorities of Oldham, England, have voted to ignore the Queen's jubilee, and the mayor has aroused their wrath by announcing his intention to observe it alone. As the balance of power seems to be with the townspeople, we see no way for the mayor to get out of it, excepting to get blind, staying drunk.

MISS CLARA BARTON, of the Red Cross Society, has gone to Texas to look after the sufferers from the drought. We lived in Texas ourselves, once, and are of the opinion that Clara has undertaken a big contract.

THE ARCHBISHOP of Paris will be the next to receive the red hat from Rome, and is now safe in betting his old headgear on the ward election, if he wants to.

OUT OF four hundred invited guests to the ball given by the Chinese Minister, only twelve hundred attended. Nevertheless, from a Washington society point of view, the affair was a great success.

HIGH HATS at the theatre are a nuisance, but they are mighty nice to go to sleep behind at church.

EX-TREASURER SPINNER's signature has just celebrated its eighty-fifth birthday. Long life to it!

FATE.



HERE was a man who gaily said:
"Give me the wine that's warm
and red,
It makes my dinner better seem,
And wraps me in a pleasant
dream."

His neighbor said, with great
delight:
"Give me the crystal water
bright;
It lends to every meal a cheer
I ne'er could find in wine or
beer."

The man of wine's alive to-day,
He's prosperous, serene and gay;
And dead is he who wine avoided—
He on the crystal spring typhoided.

R. K. M.

SOME ALDERMEN are now known by the Wards—in Sing Sing—notwithstanding the fact that up there Ferdinand is the first Ward.

THE THING that the average man pastes in his hat without being told, is his card, to cover the name of an unfashionable maker.

There are few, if any, firms doing a larger retail trade than SOHMER & CO., of this city. It is almost impossible to call at their warerooms any time of the day without finding some person contracting for a SOHMER PIANO.

PUCK'S ANNUAL FOR 1887,

NOW READY,

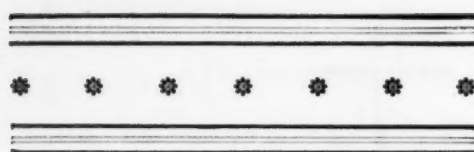
25 cts. per copy,
Of all News-dealers.

By mail, 30 cts.,
To all parts of the Globe.



"Why does Columbia appear so heedless of the cry, 'defend our Harbors,' while shells are bursting in the back-ground?"

"Ah! Gentle reader, she has at heart the true policy of the United States (Mutual Accident Association), and, therefore, fears not. She procured her policy at 320 Broadway, New York."



Fred:

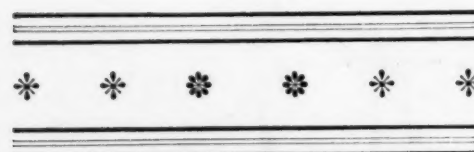
Brown's

Ginger

Will Cure

Cramps

and Colic.



PACHTMANN & MOELICH,
JEWELERS, 363 Canal Street, N. Y.

TAKE PLEASURE IN CALLING ATTENTION
TO ANOTHER LARGE REDUCTION IN PRICE
OF AMERICAN WATCHES.

A cut of \$10 on the Finer Grades makes them
the Cheapest Watch in the world, Compared by
Time-Keeping Qualities.

Prices in Silver, \$30 to \$40; 14k. Gold, \$75 to
\$100, all Stem-Winders.

Another New Popular Stem-Winder is Gold
Filled at \$20. Warranted to wear Twenty Years.
For appearance and reliability is equal to any \$50
watch made.

A large line of Watches from \$5 upwards.

CANDY

Address

Send one, two, three or five dollars
for a retail box, by express, of the best
Candies in the World, put up in hand-
some boxes. All strictly pure. Suitable
for presents. Try it once.
C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
78 Madison St., Chicago.

STOP! Stop! Stop!
Whatsoever direction you go;
And O for one lick at the man
Who calls this "the beautiful snow."
Wade! Wade! Wade!
Wade on through the slush and the mud;
Wade on till you measure your length
Ker plash! with a sickening thud.
Slush! Slush! Slush!
'Tis wrong to get angry, we know;
But O for just one lick at him
Who dares to say "beautiful snow."
—Columbus Dispatch.

OMAHA MAN.—So you attended the French
cooks' ball at St. Louis?

ST. LOUIS MAN.—Yes.

"I hear it was a great success."

"It was—all but the supper." — Omaha
World.

SCENE ON Charles Street:

Young man carrying home a "growler" of
lager beer is met by a respectable looking old
gentleman, a radical of the Prohibition party.

OLD GENTLEMAN (to young man).—I would
n't drink that stuff.

YOUNG MAN.—Who in thunder wants you to
drink it?

Tableau.—Boston Globe.

With stealthy hand he strove to clip
One golden ringlet from her head.
"Ah, don't!" Then, with a smiling lip,
"They are my sister Jane's," she said.

—Harper's Magazine.

Angostura Bitters, the world renowned appetizer and in-
vigorator, imparts a delicious flavor to all drinks and cures dys-
pepsia, diarrhoea, fever and ague. Try it, but beware of counter-
feits. Ask your grocer or your druggist for the genuine Angostura,
manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

Arnold,
Constable & Co.
Spring Novelties.

RICHLY EMBROIDERED ROBES,
Hamburg Embroideries,
EMBROIDERED HANDKERCHIEFS, etc.,
NOW OPEN.

Broadway & 19th St.
New York.



NO GENTLEMAN



who has once shaved WITH
GENUINE YANKEE SOAP
will ever be without it.

It softens the beard, soothes
the skin. Its lather is heavy, and
does not dry on the face. It has
no equal. All Druggists keep it.
Avoid Imitations. Trial Sample
by Mail, 12 cts.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.,
Glastonbury, Conn.
Formerly WILLIAMS & BROS., Man-
chester, 1840.

THE CELEBRATED
SOHMER
PIANOS

Are at Present the Most Popular and Preferred by Leading Artists
Warerooms: 149, 151, 153, 155 E. 14th St., N. Y.

SOHMER & CO.
PHILADELPHIA, PA., 119 Chestnut St.
CHICAGO, ILL., 209 Wabash Avenue.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., 922 Market St.

REGISTERED **"SANITAS"** TRADEMARK

Nature's Disinfectant.
THE PINE FOREST at HOME.
Should be in Every Household.

100,000 LIVES

ANNUALLY LOST IN THE UNITED STATES,
from Scarlet Fever, Small Pox, Malaria, Dy-
sentery, Enteric Fever, Measles, Diphtheria,
Whooping Cough and Diarrhoea, can be saved
by the regular use in every household of

"SANITAS," THE BEST DISINFECTANT,

which is colorless, non-poisonous, does not
stain linen and is fragrant.

"Actuated by the same impulse which makes
us turn our faces towards a fresh breeze" we
"grasp a bottle of 'Sanitas' in a sick room."
—ANNIE THOMAS in "Eye of Biondon."

"SANITAS" FLUID, OIL, POWDER, SOAPS, &c.
40 Cents each Preparation.

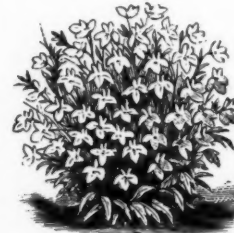
To be had of all Druggists, and of the
American & Continental "Sanitas" Co.,
(Limited.)
636-642 West 55th Street, N. Y.

Vick's Early Scarlet Globe Radish.

For hot-bed forcing there is no variety so desirable as the "Early
Scarlet Globe." It is the earliest; its color is the handsomest; in
flavor it is the mildest, most crisp, juicy and tender. It is the mar-
ket gardener's favorite as a forcing Radish. It forms small top
and will stand a great amount of heat without becoming pithy. It
is also an excellent variety for garden culture. Brought out by us
in 1884, it has already become widely known and deservedly popu-
lar. Price, per packet, 10 cents.

VICK'S

Lobelia Erecta.



This favorite plant, grow-
ing about 4 inches high, is re-
markably useful to the gar-
dener, being adapted to a
great variety of ornamental
purposes. Grand for edgings
of foliage beds, etc. Price, per
packet, 10 cents.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE
FOR 1887.

contains 2 Colored Plates, hundreds of Illustrations, and nearly
200 pages—32 pertaining to Gardening and Flower Culture, and
over 150 containing an Illustrated List of nearly all the FLOWERS
and VEGETABLES grown, with directions how to grow them,
where the best SEEDS, PLANTS AND BULBS can be pro-
cured, with prices of each. This book mailed free on receipt of
10 cents, and the 10 cents may be deducted from the first order
sent us. Every one interested in a garden, or who desires good,
fresh seeds, should have this work. We refer to the millions of
persons who have planted our seeds.

Or,

LOBELIA, RADISH AND FLORAL GUIDE MAILED
FREE TO ANY ADDRESS ON RECEIPT OF 20 CTS.

JAMES VICK, Seedsman

1843 EAST AVENUE.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

PICKINGS FROM PUCK,

64 pages, PUCK size. 25 cents per copy.

"WHAT do you weigh, Pat?"
 "Some times four hundred pounds, sir; and sometimes six hundred."

"How do you make that out?"

"Well, y' see, I'm drivin' for a coal dealer, an' I always weighs the difference between the coal an' a ton."—*Chicago News*.

"LOOK HERE," said a man this morning, going into his grocer's: "those eggs you sold me New Year's were bad."

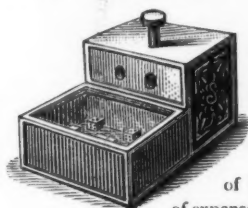
"Well, that was n't my fault."

"Whose fault was it then?"

"Blamed if I know. How should I tell what was inside of them? I'm a groceryman; I'm no mind-reader."—*Washington Critic*.

"In all distresses of our friends, we first consult our private ends," was the old style; now we do n't consult anybody, but invest twenty-five cents in a bottle of Salvation Oil. It kills pa n.

THE IMPROVED DICE THROWING CIGAR CUTTER.



The improvement consists of a New Automatic Movement, and an improved Knife, making the Cutter, as it now stands, a PERFECT MACHINE. It is made of hard metal and sent (free of expense) to any part of the United

States on receipt of \$1.25. References given from New York, Chicago or Cincinnati. Special prices for wholesale trade.

THE STEWART NOVELTY CO.,
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And STEREOPTICONS, all prices. Views illustrating every subject for PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS, etc.
 A profitable business for a man with a small capital. Also, Lanterns for Home Amusement. 148 page Catalogue free. McALLISTER, Mfg. Optician, 49 Nassau St., N.Y.



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PRESS, \$3; Circular also press, \$8; Newspaper also, \$44. Type-setting easy, printed instructions. Send 2 stamps for catalogue presses, type, cards, etc., to the factory. KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

One Agent (Merchant only) wanted in every town for



Demand unprecedented. R. W. TANSILL & CO., Chicago.

EDEN MUSEE. 55 West 23rd Street. Muncie Lajos and Prince Paul Esterhazy's Orchestra. Daily two Grand Concerts. Admission, 50 cents; Sundays, 25 cents.



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Known throughout the States as the Leader of
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IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC
WOOLENS.
 ENDLESS VARIETY.

Suits to measure from \$20.
 Overcoats " " 18.
 Trousers " " 5.

Samples and Self Measurement Rules mailed on application.

145, 147, 149 Bowery,
 and
 771 Broadway, Corner Ninth Street.



A Skin Without Blemish

No organ is so perfect and so beautiful as the skin. Soft as satin, sensitive as a camera, tinted with the loveliest delicacy, it yet has the strength and elasticity sufficient for the protection of all the underlying frame, tissue, muscle, bone, and nerve. Everywhere a network of sudorific ducts, veins, and pores, it constantly renews itself, and not only with its ceaseless desquamation, but with its natural functional action, eliminates all waste, accumulation, and disease. Hence, a skin without blemish means more than beauty; it means health.

CUTICURA, the great skin cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, internally, are a speedy, economical, and infallible cure for every species of torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly, and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from pimples to scrofula.

For the last year I have had a species of itching, scaly and pimply humors on my face to which I have applied a great many methods of treatment without success, and which was speedily and entirely cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

Mrs. ISAAC PHELPS, Ravenna, O.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible skin beautifiers and blood purifiers.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

PIMPLES, black-heads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

I have suffered all my life with skin diseases of different kinds and have never found permanent relief, until, by the advice of a lady friend, I used your valuable CUTICURA REMEDIES. I gave them a thorough trial, using six bottles of the CUTICURA RESOLVENT, two boxes of CUTICURA and seven cakes of CUTICURA SOAP, and the result was just what I had been told it would be—a complete cure.

BELLE WADE, Richmond, Va.

Reference, G. W. Latimer, Druggist, Richmond, Va.

Some five months ago I had the pleasure to inform you of my improvement in the use of the CUTICURA REMEDIES in my case of severe Chronic Eczema Erythematosa, and to-day cheerfully confirm all I then said. I consider my cure perfect and complete, and attribute it entirely to your remedies, having used no others.

FERNAN ESENCHARD, 3306 Penna Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.

I was almost perfectly bald, caused by Tetter of the top of the scalp. CUTICURA REMEDIES in six weeks cured my scalp perfectly, and now my hair is coming back as thick as it ever was.

J. P. CHOICE, Whitesboro', Texas.

Sold everywhere Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

HANDS soft as dove's down and as white, by using CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

FRANK JAMES has got a job in a St. Louis shoe store. Frank should have gone into a dressmaking establishment, where he might have had a chance to tackle a train occasionally.—*Washington Critic*.

THE following verdict was recently rendered in Woodland: "We, the jury, find the defendants not guilty, with the recommendation that they leave town within forty-eight hours."—*San Francisco Call*.

MOTTO for a petty thief—Any umbrella in a storm.—*Boston Budget*.

Blair's Pills.—Great English Gout and Rheumatic Remedy. Oval box, 34; round, 14 Pills. At all druggists. 723

TOBOGGANING.



Agents for the celebrated
PROCTOR TOBOGGAN.
 STRONGEST, MOST DURABLE & SWIFTEST.
 SEND FOR CIRCULAR.
 New York Bicycle Co., 38 Park Place.



Scroll Sawyer.

On receipt of 15c., I will send, postpaid, the patterns of this three-shelf Bracket, size 13x21, a large number of beautiful miniature designs for Scroll Sawing, and my 36-page illustrated Catalogue of Scroll Saws, Lathes, Fancy Woods, Small Locks, Fancy Hinges, Clock Movements etc., or send 5c. for Catalogue alone. Bargains in Pocket Knives. Great inducements in way of Premiums.

A. H. POMEROY,
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216-220 Asylum Street,
 168 HARTFORD, CONN.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer. Give Ex. & P.O. address, DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St. N.Y.

PILES. Instant relief. Final cure and never returns. No indelicacy. Neither knife, purge, salve or suppository. Liver, kidney and all bowel troubles—especially constipation—cured like magic. Sufferers will learn of a simple remedy free, by addressing, J. H. REEVES, 78 Nassau St., N. Y.

Lactated Food

The Physician's Favorite
FOR INFANTS AND INVALIDS.

Leading Physicians of all Schools and sections voluntarily testify to its superior merit as

The Most NOURISHING, the Most PALATABLE, the Most ECONOMICAL, of all Prepared Foods.

150 MEALS for an Infant for \$1.00.

EASILY PREPARED. At Druggists—25c., 50c., \$1.00.

A valuable pamphlet on "The Nutrition of Infants and Invalids," sent free on application.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Burlington, Vt.

ANGOSTURA



BITTERS.

An excellent appetizing tonic of exquisite flavor, now used over the whole world, cures Dyspepsia, Diarrhea, Fever and Ague, and all disorders of the Digestive Organs. A few drops impart a delicious flavor to a glass of champagne, and to all summer drinks. Try it, and beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by DR. J. G. B. SIEGERT & SONS.

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Its causes, and a new and successful CURE at your own home, by one who was deaf twenty-eight years. Treated by most of the noted specialists without benefit. Cured himself in three months, and since then hundreds of others. Full particulars sent on application.

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GRATUITOUS ADVICE.

This species of advice is not always acceptable, but in many instances much benefit would be derived were it acted upon. No section of the country is exempt from disease. To know the best means of combating this common enemy, with the least injury to our pockets and tastes, is certainly a great advantage. We must expect Torpid Liver, Congested Spleen, Vitiating Bile and Inactive Bowels, and all prudent persons will supply themselves with Tutt's Pills, which stimulate the Liver, relieve the engorged Spleen, determine a healthy flow of Bile, thus regulating the bowels and causing all unhealthy secretions to pass off in a natural manner. "An ounce of preventive is worth a pound of cure."

BE ADVISED AND USE

Tutt's Liver Pills.

\$1000 REWARD!

We offer \$1000.00 Reward for a cough or throat trouble (last stages of disease excepted), which cannot be relieved by a proper use of Dr. X. Stone's Bronchial Wafers. Sample free. Address
STONE MEDICINE CO., Quincy, Ill.

OUR REAL RULER.

This is a free country?
Well, may be,
So long as you have n't
A baby.

Young or old, tho' golden
Or gray be
Our heads, we're all ruled
by

A baby.

Fond and foolish the words
that

We say be

When we bow to that tyrant
The baby.

The wise man's a fool and
A baby,
And a hobby-horse for his
Own baby.

But of light in our homes,
where'd

A ray be

Without that bright cherub,
The baby?

Then hallowed and blest let
The day be

That brought that dear
despot,

The baby!

—Boston Globe.

YOUNG HUSBAND.—

It does seem to me you
might learn how to
cook better than that.
My mother—

YOUNG WIFE.—

There, that will do; I
refrain from learning
how to cook on principle.

"Oh! you do! Think-
ing of me, of course?"

"No, of my son."

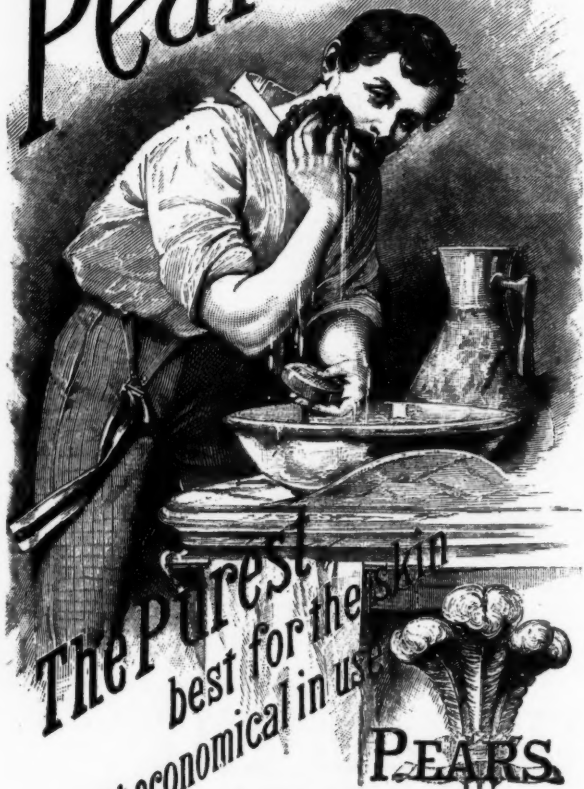
"Son?"

"Yes; I don't intend
he shall ever make any
nice girl miserable,
bragging about my
cooking."—Omaha
World.

THE EFFECT AFTER TAKING ADAMSON'S
Botanic Balsam is a soothing and controlling influence over any cough or cold, promoting rest, allaying the tickling sensation in the throat, and causing a healthy expectoration.
Kinsman's, 25th Street and 4th Avenue.

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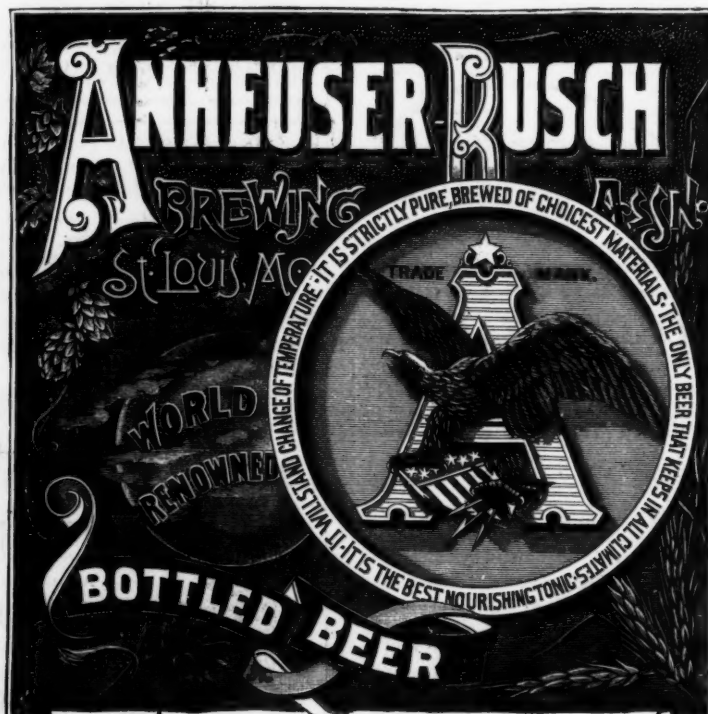
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PEARS' SOAP—The Great English Complexion Soap—is sold throughout the United States and in all other parts of the world, and its praises are heard and echoed everywhere.

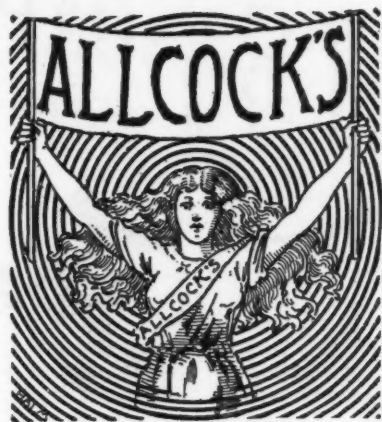
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When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst case. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and I will cure you.
Address DR. H. G. ROOT, 183 Pearl St., New York.

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ARE COMMUNICATED TO THE MOUTH BY
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And Hypophosphites of Lime & Soda

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Prescribed and endorsed by the best Physicians in the countries of the world.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

WHEN I was twenty-six I heard
From each censorious tongue:
"I'd not do that if I were you—
You see, you're rather young."

Now that I number fifty years,
I'm quite as often told
Of this or that I should n't do,
Because I'm quite too old.

Oh, carping world! if there's an age
Where youth and manhood keep
An equal poise, alas! I must
Have passed it in my sleep.

Walter Learned, in Century.

AN old soldier lay dying in a little town in Pennsylvania, one day last week.

"Is there anything on your mind that troubles you?" asked his pastor, as an expression of grave concern passed over the veteran's face.

"Yes," said the dying man: "there is. I have not made use of my opportunities. I was in the war about four years, in many battles, and thought I tried to do my duty. But I never picked up a lighted shell, with its burning fuse sputtering close to the shell, and threw it over the parapet of the fort. I have been a regular attendant upon Army reunions, and I have read the newspapers since the war, and find that I am the only man in the Union Army who has not performed that feat, although I had plenty of opportunities. My life has been wasted."

"But why," asked the pastor, kindly: "did you not do it when you had the opportunity?"

"Because," said the gallant old soldier: "I wanted to save the shell. I always knelt down and pulled the fuse out with my teeth!" And then the noble life went out with a snap like a friction primer.—R. J. Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

THE rinkum has vanished, the skatum has fled,
The rollum is banished, he wheelum is dead.
Tobog's now the daisy that now rules the day,
Let's tobog till we're crazy, Ri-tu-ral-li-la!

—St. Louis Spectator.

Deep Sea Wonders

exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from \$5 to \$25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over \$50 in a single day at this work. All succeed.

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SOHMER & CO. - 149-155 E. 14th Street.
HANFT BROS. - 724 Fifth Avenue.
C. LUCIUS - 841 Sixth Avenue.
WILHELM & GRAEF - 1141 Broadway.
J. WOLFARTH - 2,002 Third Avenue.

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IS THIS WHAT AILS YOU?



Wm. Stoddard
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Do you feel generally miserable, or suffer with a thousand and one indescribable bad feelings, both mental and physical? Among them low spirits, nervousness, weariness, listlessness, weakness, dizziness, feelings of fullness or bloating after eating, or sense of "goneness" or emptiness of stomach in morning, flesh soft and lacking firmness, headache, blurring of eyesight, specks floating before the eyes, nervous irritability, poor memory, chilliness, alternating with hot flushes, lassitude, throbbing, gurgling or rumbling sensation in bowels, with heat and nipping pains occasionally, palpitation of heart, short breath on exertion, slow circulation of blood, cold feet, pain and oppression in chest and back, pain around the loins, aching and weariness of the lower limbs, drowsiness after meals, but nervous wakefulness at night, languor in the morning, and a constant feeling of dread, as if something awful was about to happen.

If you have any or all of these symptoms, send 36c. to GEO. N. STODDARD, Druggist, 1226 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y., who will send you, post-paid, some simple and harmless powders, pleasant to take, and easy directions which, if you follow, will positively and effectually cure in from one to three weeks' time, no matter how bad you may be. Few have suffered from these causes more than I, and fewer still at my age (48) are in more perfect health than I am now. The same means will cure you.

The Cincinnati Christian Standard says: "We have seen testimonials from sufferers, and they all verify the good results obtained from his simple remedies. We know Mr. Stoddard personally, and can vouch for the truthfulness of his statements. He has been in business in Buffalo for eighteen years, always doing just as he agreed to. Our readers need have no hesitancy in sending him money."

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THE WASHINGTON HOG WILL NOT TAKE THEM BY SURPRISE AGAIN.